CHARLTON COMICS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FIGHTIN' MARINES
NO. 89 JAN. CDC
15¢
TAKE HER OFF, OR WE'LL SET HER ON FIRE LIEUTENANT! WE DON'T WANT THE JAPS TO HAVE THE PLANE!
WE'LL DRIVE THE JAPS BACK SERGEANT. DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!
"NO BOMBS or BULLETS: JUST A PRAYER!"

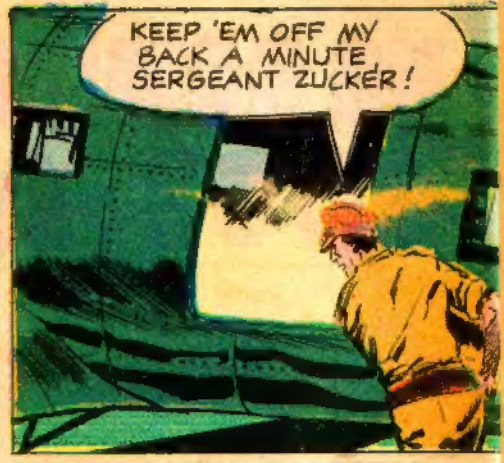
# NO BOMBS or BULLETS... JUST A PRAYER

BACK IN 1941, I WAS STAFF SERGEANT IN THE MARINE CORPS... ONE OF THE 80 OR SO MARINES LEFT BEHIND ON THE BIG ISLAND MINDANAO, WITH THE MISSION OF SLOWING DOWN THE JAPS... BUYING TIME WITH OUR LIVES IS WHAT IT BOILED DOWN TO! WE HAD NO WAY OUT ANYHOW... THE DOUGLAS TWIN-ENGINE TRANSPORT HAD BEEN GETTING GASSED UP WHEN THE JAPANESE ROARED DOWN THE ROAD... AND NOW IT LOOKED LIKE IT WASN'T EVER GOING TO FLY AGAIN!
TAKE HER OFF, OR WE'LL SET HER ON FIRE LIEUTENANT! WE DON'T WANT THE JAPS TO HAVE THE PLANE!
WE'LL DRIVE THE JAPS BACK, SERGEANT. DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!

FIGHTIN' MARINES Vol. 1, No. 89, January, 1970,

published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1970 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 15¢ per copy. Subscription 90¢ annually. Printed in U. S. A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

¡BLAM!
BAM

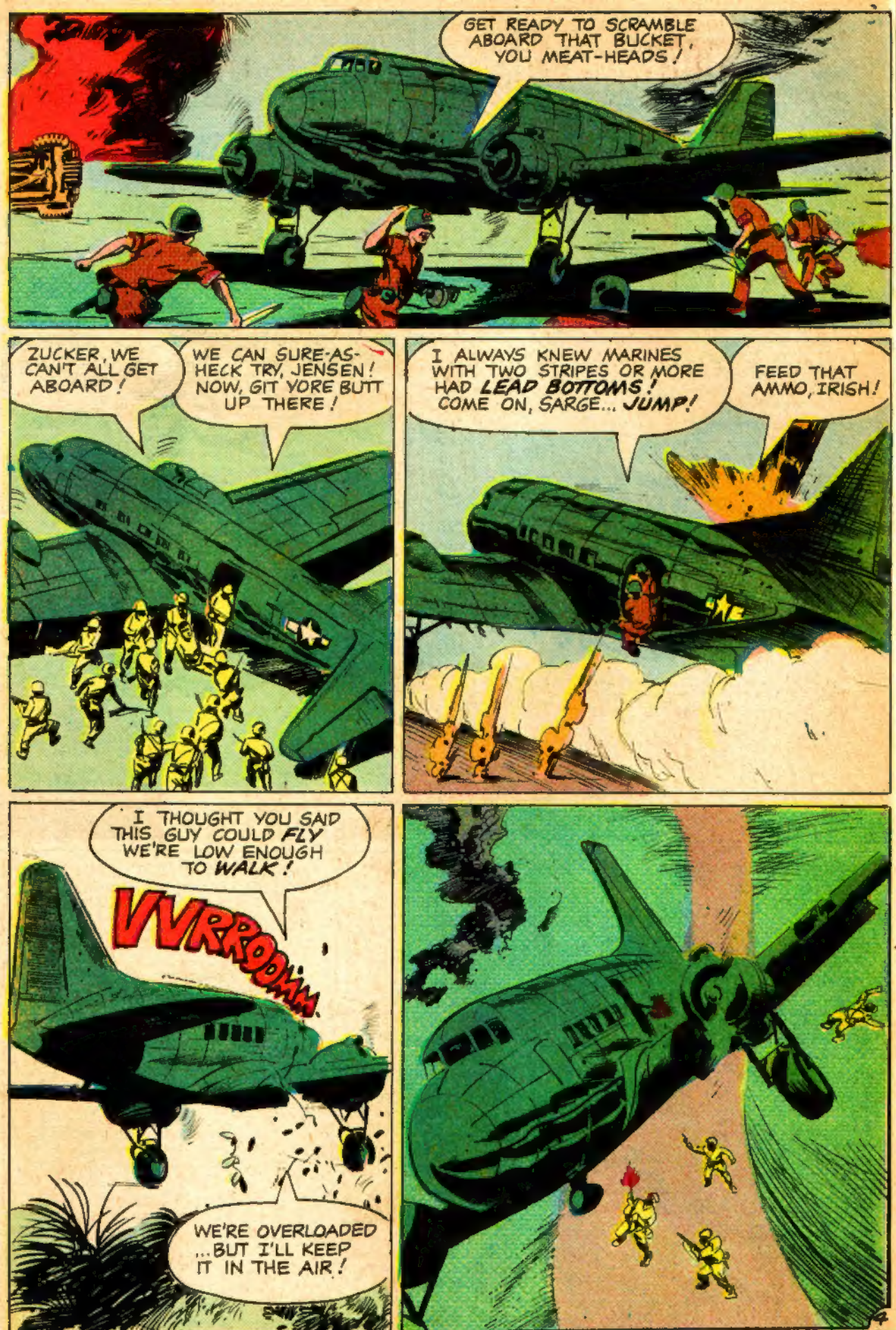

KEEP 'EM OFF MY BACK A MINUTE SERGEANT ZUCKER!

HE GONNA TAKE US OUTA HERE, ZUCKER?
BANZAI! BANZAI! UNGH!
LT. HARTIGAN GOTTA SAVE THAT EXPENSIVE AIRPLANE! WE'RE EXPENDABLE... THAT AIN'T!

THAT WAS LOW-GRADE GASOLINE. THE ENGINES DONT WANT TO ST... THERE IT GOES!

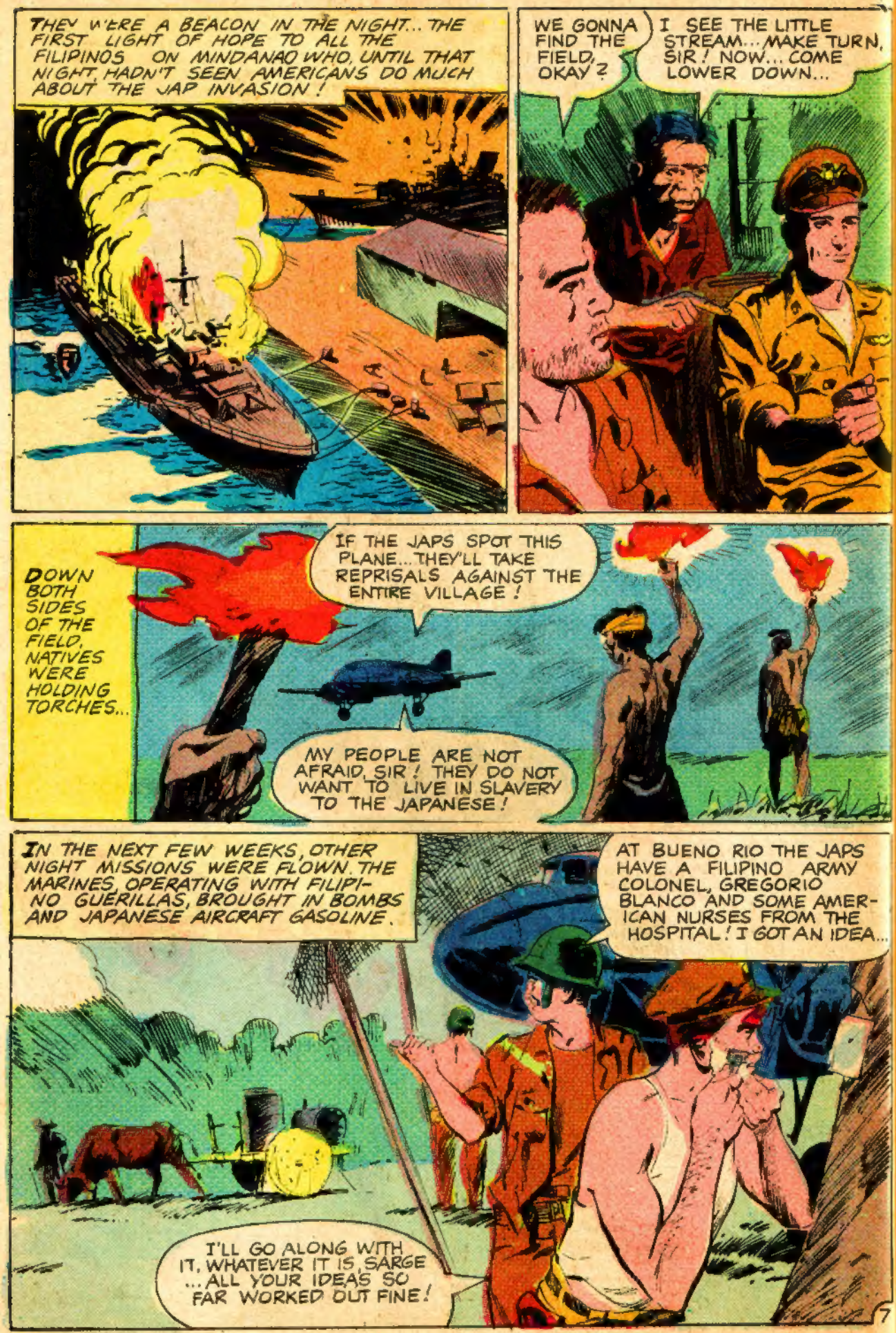
RRRR

HOPE I DON'T PEEL HER WINGS OFF!
HOLY COW! THAT KID'S USIN' THAT CRATE LIKE A LAWNMOWER AN' THE JAPS ARE THE GRASS!
UNTIL THEN 2ND LT. HARTIGAN WAS JUST ANOTHER ROSY-CHEEKED KID WITH A COMMISSION... BUT HE SURE FLEW LIKE A GOOD MARINE!
HE'S SURE A HARDNOSE! COME ON... WE MAY WIN THIS BRANNIGAN YET!
HEAD-COUNT... HOW MANY OF US LEFT?
SMITTY WENT AROUND... SAYS THEY'S ABOUT 55 MEN! WHY? THERE'LL BE A LOT LESS A FEW MINUTES FROM NOW!
WHISTLE 'EM IN... I THINK THE SECOND JAWN GOT IDEAS ABOUT LANDIN' AGAIN!


GET READY TO SCRAMBLE ABOARD THAT BUCKET, YOU MEAT-HEADS!
ZUCKER, WE CAN'T ALL GET ABOARD!
WE CAN SURE-AS-HECK TRY, JENSEN! NOW, GIT YORE BUTT UP THERE!
I ALWAYS KNEW MARINES WITH TWO STRIPES OR MORE HAD LEAD BOTTOMS! COME ON, SARGE... JUMP!
FEED THAT AMMO, IRISH!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS GUY COULD FLY WE'RE LOW ENOUGH TO WALK!
VVRROOMM
WE'RE OVERLOADED ...BUT I'LL KEEP IT IN THE AIR!

I FOUND OUT FROM LT. HARTIGAN THAT WE COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM MINDANAO...SO I LOOKED FOR LUIS, THE FILIPINO SCOUT, AND BROUGHT HIM UP TO HARTIGAN.
GOOD PLACE FOR AIRPLANE NEAR SAN ELENA IN MOUNTAIN. I SHOW YOU. TURN WEST, HOKAY?
THERE IS GOOD FIELD. SEE, THE GRASS IS SHORT, MAKE EASY FOR YOU.
NO JAPS THIS FAR INLAND, LIEUTENANT! PROBABLY WON'T GET ANY FOR QUITE A WHILE. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WELL, THERE'S STILL A WAR ON. I THINK WE SHOULD HARASS THE ENEMY IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY!
FIRST OFF, LT. HARTIGAN FINDS BLACK PAINT SOMEWHERE...AND HE PROCEEDS TO PAINT THE OLD BUCKET UNDERTAKER BLACK!
TELL YOUR FISHERMAN FRIENDS TO LET US KNOW ABOUT JAPANESE SHIPS OFFSHORE LUIS.
LATER... AFTER WE GOT NEWS OF TWO JAP TRANSPORTS MOVING INTO DAVAO HARBOR!
LOAD THOSE DRUMS OF GAS... ONE FOR EACH TRANSPORT!
SIR...THAT'S ALL THE GAS WE GOT LEFT!
WE'LL GET ALL WE NEED ...FROM THE JAPS!

SARGE SAYS THEY'LL SWITCH OFF THE ENGINE AT 5,000 FEET AND GLIDE OVER THE SHIPS, KICK THE DRUMS OF GAS OUT OVER EACH SHIP.
DAVAO HARBOR DOWN THERE, SIR! I SEE THE SHIPS...
THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US YET... GET READY WITH THE GASOLINE DRUMS!
GET THOSE DRUMS READY, SARGE!
FIRST SHIP'S ON FIRE, LIEUTENANT... AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T SPOTTED US!
WHOOSHH
WITH ANY LUCK, THEY'LL NEVER LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!


THEY WERE A BEACON IN THE NIGHT... THE FIRST LIGHT OF HOPE TO ALL THE FILIPINOS ON MINDANAO WHO, UNTIL THAT NIGHT, HADN'T SEEN AMERICANS DO MUCH ABOUT THE JAP INVASION!
WE GONNA FIND THE FIELD, OKAY?
I SEE THE LITTLE STREAM... MAKE TURN, SIR! NOW... COME LOWER DOWN...
DOWN BOTH SIDES OF THE FIELD, NATIVES WERE HOLDING TORCHES...
IF THE JAPS SPOT THIS PLANE... THEY'LL TAKE REPRISALS AGAINST THE ENTIRE VILLAGE!
MY PEOPLE ARE NOT AFRAID, SIR! THEY DO NOT WANT TO LIVE IN SLAVERY TO THE JAPANESE!
IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, OTHER NIGHT MISSIONS WERE FLOWN. THE MARINES, OPERATING WITH FILIPINO GUERILLAS, BROUGHT IN BOMBS AND JAPANESE AIRCRAFT GASOLINE.
AT BUENO RIO THE JAPS HAVE A FILIPINO ARMY COLONEL, GREGORIO BLANCO AND SOME AMERICAN NURSES FROM THE HOSPITAL! I GOT AN IDEA...
I'LL GO ALONG WITH IT, WHATEVER IT IS, SARGE ... ALL YOUR IDEAS SO FAR WORKED OUT FINE!

WE'VE GOT EIGHT PARACHUTES IN THE PLANE...WE USE SIX THE NIGHT WE DROP ON THE JAPS AT BUENO RIO!
THE COMPOUND WHERE COLONEL BLANCO WAS BEING QUESTIONED...WE SURPRISED THE SENTRIES...
IRISH, FIND THE NURSES...GET THEM CLEAR... I'LL TEND TO BLANCO!
HANG ON...THIS IS GOING TO BE A ROUGH LANDING!
ALL RIGHT, LADIES... WE'LL RUN TO THE FIELD NORTH OF TOWN...OUR PRIVATE AIRCRAFT WILL TAKE US TO SAFETY!
DID IT WORK, SIR? COULD YOU SEE THE FIELD FROM THE AIR?
BEAUTIFUL, SERGEANT...
THE FILIPINO WASHERWOMEN USING JAPANESE SHEETS AND LAUNDRY TO MARK THE FIELD WORKED PERFECTLY!
END

# LAST STAND of the 3RD PLATOON

THIS WAS HILL 192...A HUNK OF WAR-TORN REAL ESTATE ABSOLUTELY USELESS TO ANYBODY...BUT ON WHICH I'D LOST ELEVEN MEN IN NINE DAYS OF INTENSE FIGHTING! DOWN THE SLOPES, THE NVA AND V.C. ARE STACKED WHERE MY 3RD PLATOON MARINES DROPPED THEM...BUT WE'RE OUT OF CHOW, WATER, AND NEARLY OUT OF AMMO...BECAUSE THIS IS THE MONSOON SEASON, THE AIR FORCE CAN'T FLY REGULAR MISSIONS, AND THE ENEMY HAS ENOUGH ANTI-AIRCRAFT AROUND HILL 192 TO KEEP CHOPPERS AWAY!

NAVY. US GYRENES NEED THE NAVY 'BOUT NOW. MUMBLMUMBL ...SEMPER FI, GYRENES! GUNG HO!

POOR STACKPOLE. HE WON'T SUFFER MUCH LONGER. CHARLIE'S GOING TO ATTACK AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK.

I GOT ENOUGH FOR ONE LONG BURST, SKIPPER...THEN NOTHIN'!

NICHOLAS ALASCIA

NOBODY EVER *LISTENS* TA ME! THIS IS A *NAVY JOB!*

I EVER TELL YOU BOONIES 'BOUT THE HITCH I SERVED IN A BATTLEWAGON?

STACKPOLE WOULD'VE BEEN A LOT BETTER OFF IF HE'D *STAYED* ABOARD SHIP. NONE OF US GOT MUCH OF A FUTURE I RECKON.

POW POW

B-1911

HERE THEY COME!
THEY'RE INSIDE THE PERIMETER BUT MY MARINES DON'T PANIC. THEY KEEP SQUEEZING OFF ROUNDS...
POW
POW
POW
DON'T GET CARELESS...MAKE EVERY ROUND COUNT...DON'T LET 'EM GET BEHIND YOU!
WATCH IT, SKIPPER!
KRAK
YA ALMOST HAD IT, SKIPPER!
THANKS, STACKPOLE ...THANKS A LOT!
2

DRIVEN OFF... BUT WE'RE WEAKER, WE'VE USED UP ALMOST ALL THE AMMO... WE'LL NEVER BEAT OFF ANOTHER ATTACK.
THEY KNOW, SKIP. THAT TIME, WE HAD NO CLIPS... NEXT TIME, CHARLIE'LL COME AN' KEEP COMIN'!
WE NEED AIR SUPPORT BAD, SPARKS... ANY FIGHTERS IN THE AREA?
NOPE. THIS OVERCAST HAS THE BIRDS WALKIN', SKIPPER. THEY GOT CEILING ZERO AT ALL THE FIELDS! ALL I PICK UP IS NAVY SHIP TRAFFIC.
FIGURES. WE'RE ONLY TEN MILES IN FROM THE COAST.
YEEEOOOOWWW!
MALINSKY, YOU NUT! FARREL, GIMME A HAND!
WHAT'S DOWN THERE?
SOME RICE AND BOXES. THIS IS A VIET CONG SUPPLY CAVE!
SPARKS... CALL THE BATTLESHIP... THEY'RE CRUISIN' OFF-SHORE!
IF YOU SAY SO, STACK-POLE. MAYBE THEY CAN RADIO IN SOME FIGHTER SUPPORT FOR US.
3

ARCTURUS FROM COMEDIAN THREE. WE'RE IN A BIND ON HILL 792, NEED IMMEDIATE AND MASSIVE AIR SUPPORT. CAN YOU GET HELP TO US, OVER?
COMEDIAN THREE...THAT'S THE CALL SIGN OF A 1ST MARINE PLATOON. AND HILL 792 IS IN THAT LOW RANGE OF HILLS NORTHWEST OF US.
IF WE MOVED NORTH, HILL 792 WOULD COME WITHIN RANGE OF OUR MAIN BATTERY.
WE'LL COME WITHIN RANGE OF ENEMY MORTARS, COMMANDER... BUT WE'LL PROCEED NORTH AT FLANK SPEED. HAVE MAIN BATTERY PREPARE TO FIRE
REQUEST PERMISSION TO TALK TO THE MARINES ON HILL 792, CAPTAIN.
GIVE US THE COORDINATES, COMEDIAN THREE. WE'LL START SHELLING THE ENEMY WITHIN A FEW MINUTES.
YOU'VE GOT HILL 792 ON YOUR MAP, SIR. SUGGEST YOU FIRE ON ALL SIDES OF SUMMIT. ANYWHERE YOU SHELL WILL INFLICT CASUALTIES ON THE ENEMY.
OFF-SHORE, THE 16 INCH NAVY RIFLES ROARED... ONE TON SHELLS HURTLED IN OVER THE COAST... DIRECTED BY THE MOST SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC FIRE CONTROL IN THE WORLD. AND SGT. STACKPOLE SMILED.
BARROOOOM

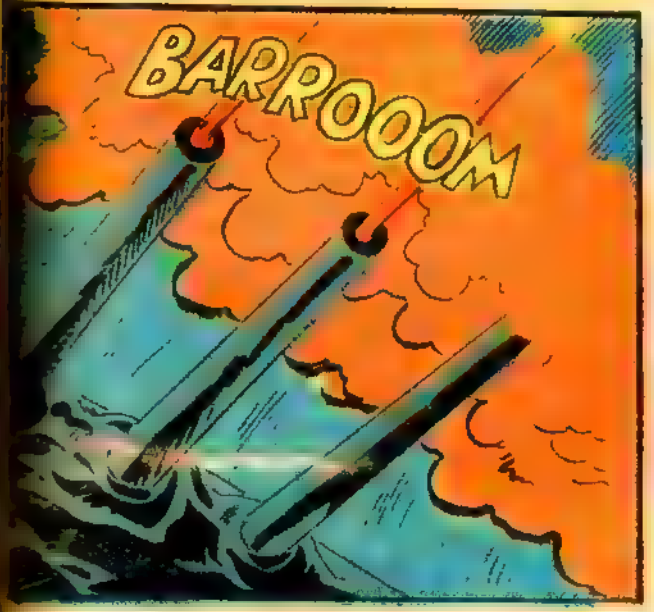
THE BATTLEWAGON'S SHELLS ARE UNBELIEVABLY ACCURATE...BUT THE VC'S CAN'T BE KEPT OFF THE CREST OF HILL 792 NOW.
SORRY, STACKPOLE...YOUR NAVY IDEA'S GREAT...BUT THEY CAN'T DO THE JOB BY THEMSELVES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WE'VE GOT NOWHERE TO GO!
CHARLIE'S SUPPLY CAVE, SKIPPER. LET'S ALL GET DOWN THERE AND LET THE BATTLESHIP ZERO IN ON THE HILL ITSELF.
COME ON, SKIPPER...
ARCTURUS FROM COMEDIAN THREE. WE'RE GOING UNDERGROUND. REQUEST YOU FIRE DIRECTLY ON OUR POSITION! I'M SIGNING OFF FOR AWHILE.
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT? IN ABOUT THREE SECONDS I'VE GOT MY PLATOON LOWERING THE WOUNDED DOWN INTO THE HOLE... WHILE I BURN UP THE LAST CLIPS OF AMMO HOLDING CHARLIE OFF!
5

IT TAKES ABOUT 30 SECONDS TO REPLOT THE FIRING PLAN...

ALL RIGHT. GIVE THE FIGURES TO THE FIRE CONTROL OFFICER. RESUME FIRING!

IN THE 30 SECOND LULL, MORE THAN 500 ENEMY STREAM ONTO THE CREST LOOKING FOR THE MARINES TO EXECUTE THEM! THEY'LL FIND THEM IN A FEW SECONDS...

...IF CHARLIE LIVES THAT LONG! AT THIS SECOND, THE BATTLESHIP TURRETS ROAR!




THE FIRST SALVO OF ONE TON SHELLS WHISTLE IN WITH EAR-SPLITTING IMPACT! HALF THE VIET CONG DIE IN THOSE FEW SECONDS...

...AND THEN THE CHOPPERS COME IN THROUGH THE MURK, UNBOTHERED BY GROUNDFIRE NOW.

I DON'T SEE ANY MARINES ON HILL 792.

THEY'RE UNDERGROUND, CORPORAL.

YOUR SWABJOCKEY FRIENDS DID THE JOB, STACKPOLE. YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED THE PLATOON.

AWW...YOU WOULD'VE THOUGHT OF IT YOURSELF IN TIME, SKIP.

END

# Always Alert

With but a little imagination, we can turn back the clock of time to any desired period in history. In one country we can see a father handing his son a shield and sword and telling him to defend the country against the invader. And in another country, we can see a tribal chief telling his men that soon they will be sailing across unknown waters to fight and find a new homeland. And that they better see that their battle axes are sharp and strong.

It was physical man power plus certain definite limited weapons that were used in fights. But today the entire picture has changed. The inventor and the scientist are continually trying to make the fighting forces of their country better and more efficient. For victory will not go to the country that lags behind in this new technological era. We will show you some of the things being done in this country. The information revealed is not classified.

The Air Force has nicknamed one of its new research planes Pinocchio because its nose grows. However, this nose doesn't grow for the same reasons that Pinocchio's nose grew. Instead, it grows to gain certain truths about why aircraft perform the way they do. In a word, the growing nose is basically a flight stimulator or a second cockpit that can be attached to the nose of a C-131 plane. In it, pilots will be able to evaluate by computers the characteristics of certain advanced aircraft such as the new huge C-5A cargo and passenger plane.

The TIFS (Total In - Flight Stimulator) controls of the second cockpit have no mechanical link with the C-131's control system. But rather are tied in electronically to a computer which is programmed to cause the growing nose to respond to controls the same as the aircraft under study. According to the lab scientists who are getting everything ready for tests this year, the TIFS can be used to investigate flight control problems of planes already in operation, to determine requirements for new aircraft and even to train pilots to fly advanced aircraft not yet off the drawing board!

Americans wounded in Vietnam have a better chance of recovery than servicemen in any previous conflict, due partly to a quick trip to the hospital. Helicopters and Air Force Hercules C-130's are responsible for the service which can start a man toward medical help within 30 minutes after he is wounded. From jungle and rice paddies helicopters airlift injured GIs to base camps where they receive preliminary medical treatment and await their medevac flights.

A flight nurse and two medical technicians are aboard the C-130 which takes the wounded on the next segment of their trip. Medical attendants strap ambulatory patients into canvas seats, while the more seriously wounded are secured in hammock-like stretcher bunks. Once the wounded are on board, the C-130 is quickly on its way to complete its rounds.

The engine blast from VTOL (Vertical takeoff and landing) aircraft kicks up a lot of dirt around the landing pad, which is hazardous since the soil could be sucked into a jet engine. The solution to the problem, Air Force engineers have found, is to place an inverted V fence of porous metal on the pad to deflect some of the blast upward. Developed for the Air Force Aero Propulsion Laboratory, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, the fence is less than 16 inches high. It is positioned between the aircraft and the edge of a landing pad. And deflects some of the blast upward at a 45 degree angle.

Because the inverted V fence allows the soil around the pad to remain on the ground, the landing pad may be built smaller. Without a fence the landing pad would have to be 100 feet wide to keep the surrounding soil from eroding. Using the fence, this width can be reduced to 50 feet.

From time to time, I am asked questions about possible inventions or ideas that may help our country. It is possible that these are already under consideration but are considered "Top Secret." This merely means that more than one mind has thought of the same idea. However it is one thing to think of an idea. And it is an entirely different thing to develop the idea onto a drawing board; then build an experimental model; and then test it under simulated or even actual war conditions.

••••••••••••

Acknowledgement is made to ALL HANDS for material used in this article.

# "SHOTGUN" HARKER

UP NEAR THE CAMBODIAN BORDER, THE NORTHERN VIET NAMESE ARE MOVING IN TROOPS...THIS IS A VOLUNTEER MISSION...MEANING CHICKEN SMITH STOOD THERE QUIVERING IN TERROR WHEN THE COLONEL ASKED FOR TWO VOLUNTEERS...WHILE SHOTGUN HARKER STUCK UP HIS MUSCULAR ARM AND SAID HIM AND CHICKEN WOULD GO ON THE MISSION! THIS IS CHICKEN'S LAST THOUGHT WHEN HE SEES THAT MONSTROUS TIGER'S TONSILS.... **IT'S ALL HARKER'S FAULT!**

NASSAMATTA, YOU AIN'T TALKIN' MUCH T'DAY, CHICKEN? CAT GOT YER TONGUE, HAHAHA?

A CAT WILL HAVE IT IN ANOTHER SECOND, YOU IDIOT...AND I'M **TOO SCARED TO YELL!**

FEAR IS A DEADLY WEAPON

CHICKEN, QUIT MAKIN' THAT RACKET! THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS!

Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y...

SCRONCH

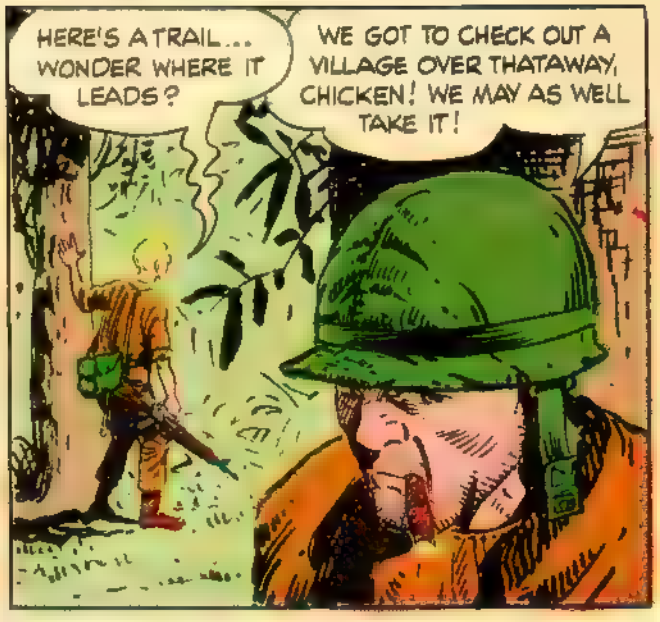
ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME SOMETHIN', CHICKEN? WHERE'S YER **HELMET?**

T-T-T-T-T-T-TI-TI...A **TIGER** BIT IT OFF MY HEAD! **LISTEN!**

SCR WCH

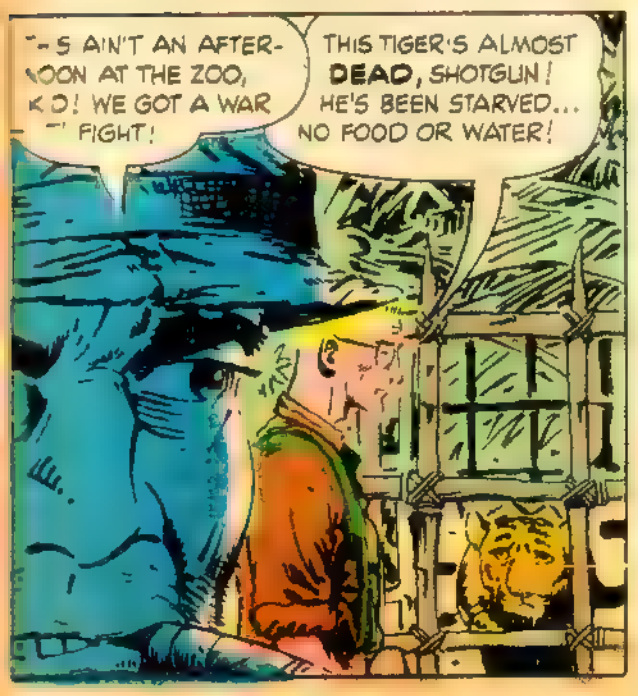
YOU MEAN THAT....?
TIGER, SARGE...IN A MINUTE HE'S GONNA FIGURE MY HELMET AIN'T AS TASTY AS THE REST OF ME!
SLRO NNH
GRRR
COME ON, CHICKEN...DON'T WORRY ABOUT CHARLIE...COMPARED WITH THAT STRIPED PUSSYCAT, CHARLIE IS NOTHIN'!
CHARLIE'S HERE, BUDDY...KEEP MOVIN'...WE GOTTA JACKRABBIT OUTA HERE!
I HEAR YA, HERO!
THUD
SHOTGUN SHAKES FREE AND GETS AWAY BUT CHICKEN SMITH IS HELD BY A WIRY VIET CONG!
TOO BAD ABOUT THE KID...I'M GONNA MISS HIM!
THE KID AIN'T TRICKY ENOUGH TA...WHAT'S THAT?
ZOOM
2

YOU JUST BROKE A HUNDRED YEAR MARINE RECORD FOR RETREATIN', CHICKEN!
I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU COMIN' BACK FOR ME, SHOTGUN!


HERE'S A TRAIL... WONDER WHERE IT LEADS?
WE GOT TO CHECK OUT A VILLAGE OVER THATAWAY, CHICKEN! WE MAY AS WELL TAKE IT!

-OLD IT, KID! D'JA HEAR SOMETHIN'?
SOUNDED LIKE A TI-TIGER!

OH! IT'S OKAY...CAN'T HURT US IN THERE!
WHAT A RELIEF!


-S AIN'T AN AFTER-NOON AT THE ZOO, K.O! WE GOT A WAR -' FIGHT!
THIS TIGER'S ALMOST DEAD, SHOTGUN! HE'S BEEN STARVED... NO FOOD OR WATER!

WON'T HURT TO GIVE HIM SOME WATER!
3

YOU JUST BROKE A HUNDRED YEAR MARINE RECORD FOR RETREATIN', CHICKEN!
I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU COMIN' BACK FOR ME, SHOTGUN!

HERE'S A TRAIL .. WONDER WHERE IT LEADS?
WE GOT TO CHECK OUT A VILLAGE OVER THATAWAY, CHICKEN! WE MAY AS WELL TAKE IT!

-OLD IT, KID! D DJA HEAR SOMETHIN'?
SOUNDED LIKE A TI-TIGER!

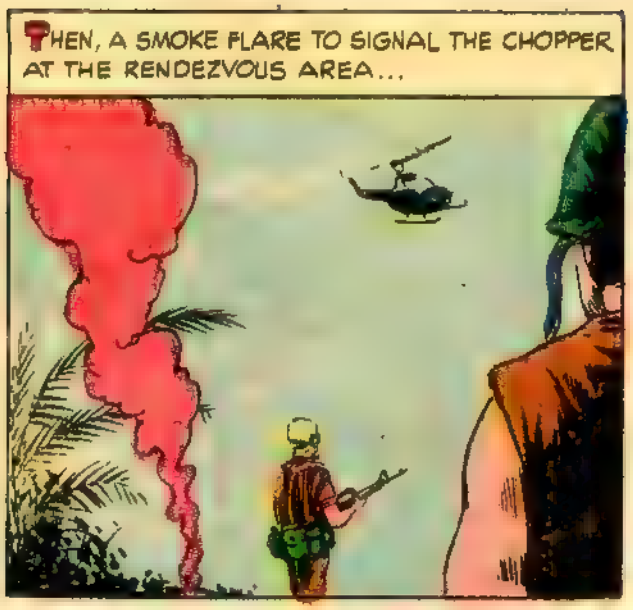
OH! IT'S OKAY...CAN'T HURT US IN THERE!
WHAT A RELIEF!

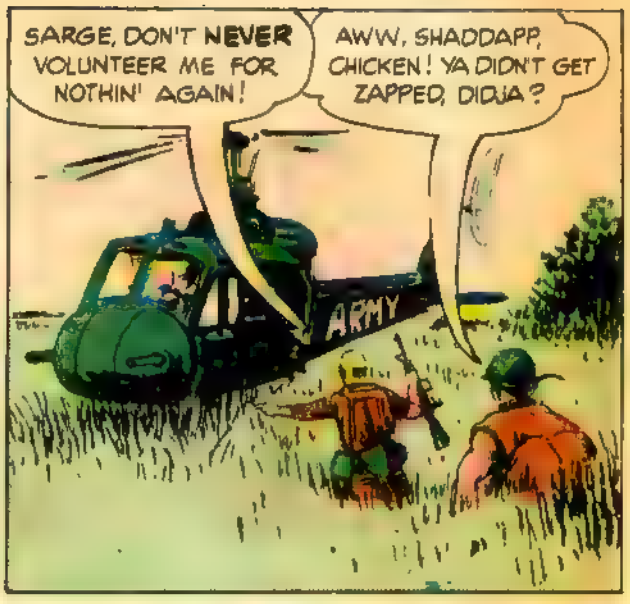
-S AIN'T AN AFTER-OON AT THE ZOO, K D! WE GOT A WAR FIGHT!
THIS TIGER'S ALMOST DEAD, SHOTGUN! HE'S BEEN STARVED... NO FOOD OR WATER!

WON'T HURT TO GIVE HIM SOME WATER!
3

WHILE SHOTGUN NOTES THE MILITARY DETAILS, CHICKEN BUSIES HIMSELF GIVING WATER TO THE HUGE PREDATOR...THEN FOR FOOD HE ...
THIS SHOULD HELP!
THE MARINES' EMERGENCY RATIONS DISAPPEAR DOWN THE TIGER'S GULLET INCREDIBLY FAST!
THIS IS THE LAST CAN!
CHICKEN, WHAT ARE YA DOIN'?
YA DIDN'T!
HE'S HUNGRY, SARGE! I COULDN'T LET HIM JUST STARVE!
I'M GONNA BUST YER JAW, KID! THEN, I'M GONNA HURT YA!
ULLP! LEMME GO! KOFF!
W- WATCH IT, SHOTGUN!
I'M GONNA.. GULLPP!
RARR
SH-SH-SHOTGUN!
JES' HOLD STILL CHICKEN. I'LL EMPTY BOTH BARRELS...I MIGHT NOT HIT YOU EITHER!
4

-E-HE'S EATIN' ME!
THEY ALWAYS TASTE YA A LITTLE FIRST, CHICKEN... WE GOT TIME!
SLURP
SLURP
THEN...WHEN THE TIGER LETS HIM GO...CHICKEN IS TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE! TIGER AND MARINE STARE AT EACH OTHER AND CHICKEN DISCOVERS...
SHOTGUN, HE... HE'S PURRING!
DON'T MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES, CHICKEN! YA MIGHT LIVE YET!
-CKEN ARE YA ...TS? WHAT ARE YA DOIN'?
I HAD A KITTEN ONCE... LOVED HAVIN' HIS NOSE SCRATCHED.
RRRRR
WE'LL RECONNOITER THIS AREA, MAP CHARLIE S TRAILS, THEN HEAD BACK!
OKAY, SARGE! BEFORE WE GO, I'LL LOOSEN THE BARS SO MY FRIEND CAN GET OUT IN AN HOUR OR SO!
...VIET CONG PATROL NEAR THE CAMBODIAN BORDER CHALLENGES THEM... BUT SHOTGUN HARKER AND CHICKEN SMITH FIGHT THEIR WAY CLEAR!
WUMP

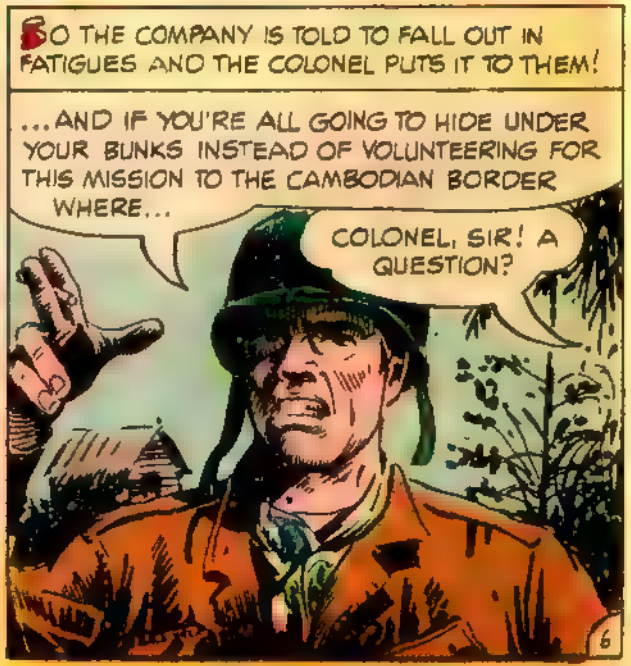

THEN, A SMOKE FLARE TO SIGNAL THE CHOPPER AT THE RENDEZVOUS AREA...


SARGE, DON'T NEVER VOLUNTEER ME FOR NOTHIN' AGAIN!
AWW, SHADDAPP, CHICKEN! YA DIDN'T GET ZAPPED, DIDJA?
ARMY

LATER...
GO TA SLEEP, CHICKEN...YA WORRIED ABOUT THE COMMIES OR WHAT?
NAH.

WHAT IF THE TIGER DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE CAGE? HE MIGHT DIE WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!
GO TO SLEEP, KID!
BAM
BLAM

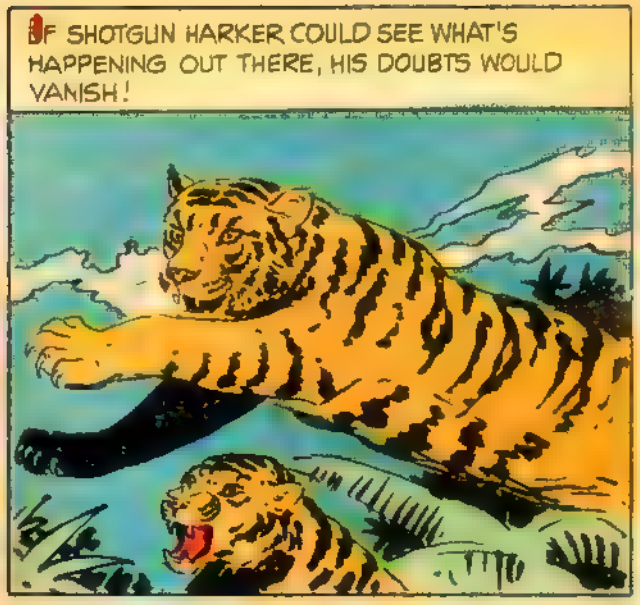
TWO DAYS LATER...
THERE'S A RECON-NOITERING MISSION, SERGEANT HARKER! WANT TO VOLUNTEER?
NO, SIR! CHICKEN SMITH IS RIGHT...ONLY REAL MEATHEADS VOLUNTEER FOR ANYTHING!

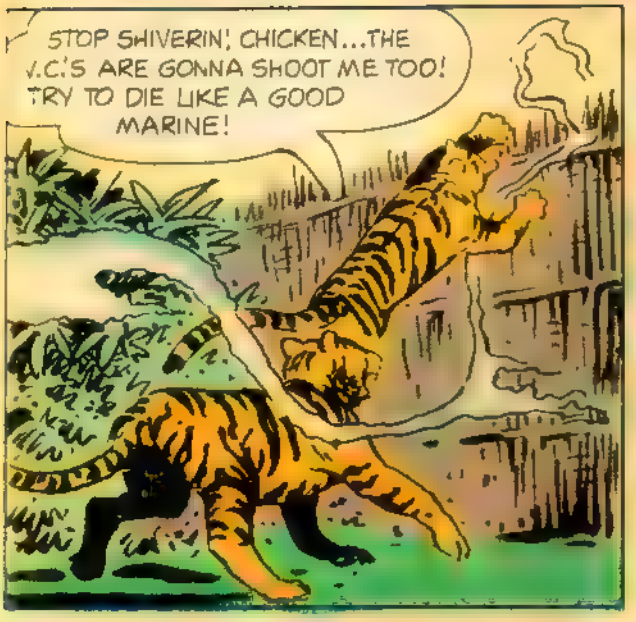

SO THE COMPANY IS TOLD TO FALL OUT IN FATIGUES AND THE COLONEL PUTS IT TO THEM!
...AND IF YOU'RE ALL GOING TO HIDE UNDER YOUR BUNKS INSTEAD OF VOLUNTEERING FOR THIS MISSION TO THE CAMBODIAN BORDER WHERE...
COLONEL, SIR! A QUESTION?

S IT IN THE SAME AREA ME AND SGT. HARKER WENT A COUPLE DAYS AGO?
WHY YES, SMITH, IT IS!
THEN, ME AN' SHOTGUN HARKER VOLUNTEER AGAIN!
GOOD MAN, SMITH! SERGEANT HARKER! CAPTAIN STEELBUTT WILL BRIEF YOU!
C-CKEN, I'M GONNA WRING ORE SCRAWNY NECK! T- S TIME YUH...
HARKER! SMITH! GET READY... YOUR CHOPPER'S WAITING FOR YOU!
O...
WHAT'S IN THAT BOTTLE, CHICKEN?
SOMETHIN' FOR THE TIGER...
NEPETA CATARIA IS THE ATIN NAME...WE CALL IT CATNIP! GOT SOME CATNIP CONCENTRATE... MAYBE THE TIGER WILL LIKE IT!

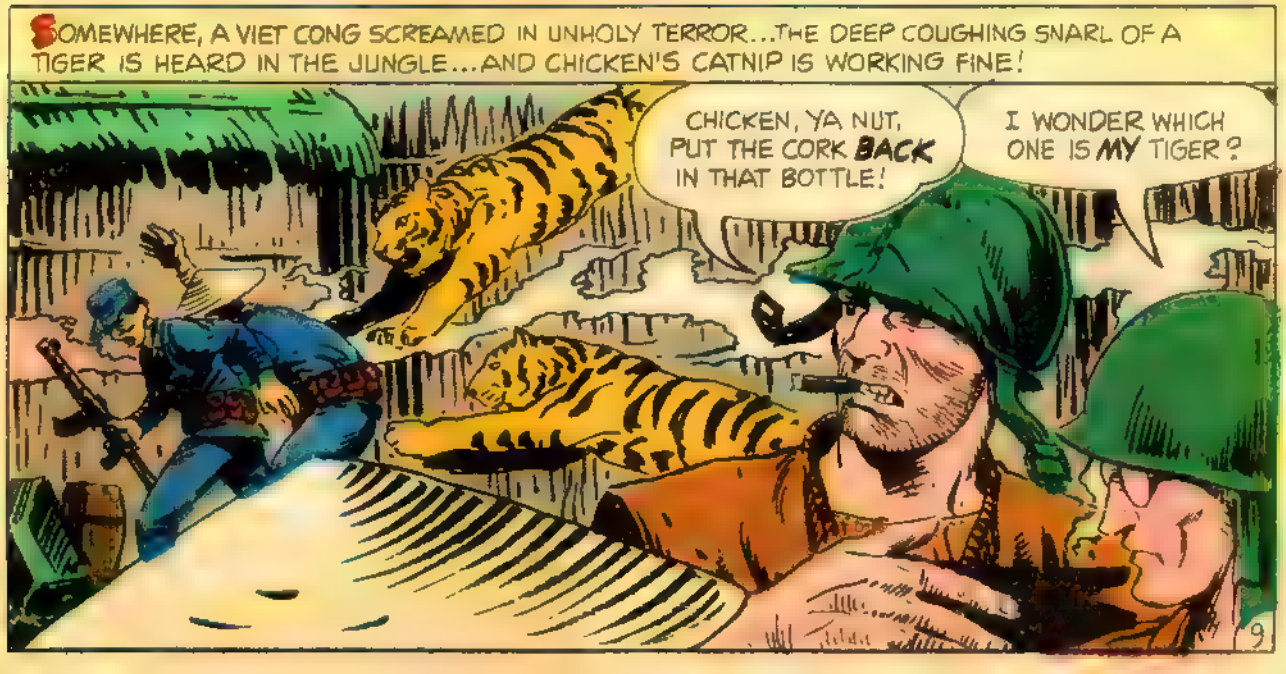
THE SAME CLEARING WHERE SHOTGUN AND CHICKEN SMITH HAD BEEN LANDED BEFORE IS USED AGAIN... BUT THIS TIME CHARLIE IS WAITING... HIDDEN ALL AROUND THE CLEARING!
BLAST OFF, FLYBOY... I JUST SPOTTED CHARLIE! G'WAN, GIT OUTA HERE!
WE'RE GONNA GET ZAPPED FOR SURE, SARGE!
MOVE, YOU DIE!
WE AIN'T FIGHTIN' CHARLIE! DROP YER MIG, CHICKEN!
THIS IS THE STAGIN' AREA FOR HO CHI MINH'S CRACK DIVISION! WHEN THEY HIT, A LOTTA MARINES WILL DIE!
IF WE COULD JUST GET LOOSE...
THIS IS NO TIME FOR FOOLIN' WITH CATNIP, CHICKEN!
I AIN'T FOOLIN' SHOTGUN...
HOW DO YA KNOW TIGERS WILL LIKE IT, CHICKEN?
I DON'T KNOW SARGE... BUT I CAN T THINK OF NOTHIN' ELSE!
8

I DON'T THINK IT'S GONNA HELP, CHICKEN!


IF SHOTGUN HARKER COULD SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE, HIS DOUBTS WOULD VANISH!


STOP SHIVERIN', CHICKEN...THE V.C.'S ARE GONNA SHOOT ME TOO! TRY TO DIE LIKE A GOOD MARINE!

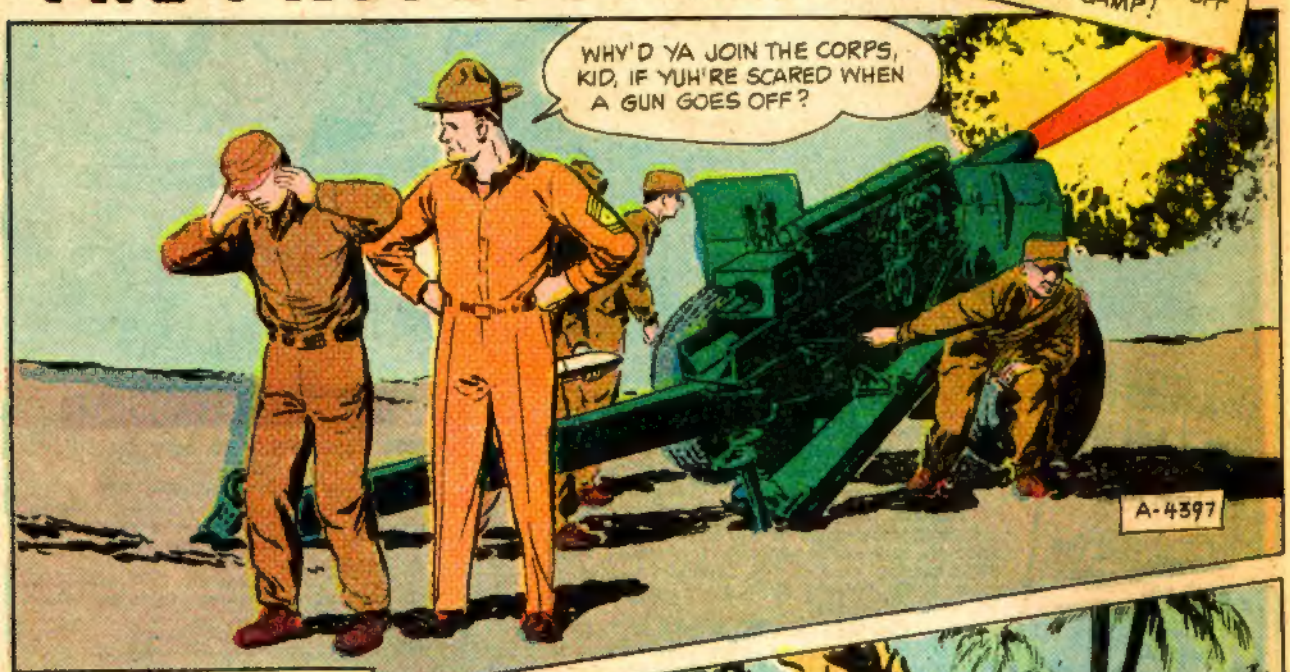
I C-C-CAN'T ST-STOP SHAKIN', S-S-SARGE!
..S-S-SARGE, L-LU-LOOK!


SOMEWHERE, A VIET CONG SCREAMED IN UNHOLY TERROR...THE DEEP COUGHING SNARL OF A TIGER IS HEARD IN THE JUNGLE...AND CHICKEN'S CATNIP IS WORKING FINE!
CHICKEN, YA NUT, PUT THE CORK BACK IN THAT BOTTLE!
I WONDER WHICH ONE IS MY TIGER?

SUDDENLY, A TIGER LEAPED FOR A VIET CONG... HE SCREAMED, DROPPED HIS WEAPON, AND RAN! ANOTHER TIGER DROPPED OVER THE FENCE...AND THE VIET CONG WERE RUNNING FRANTICALLY IN EVERY DIRECTION!
EVERY TIGER IN THE AREA WILL BE HERE, SARGE! WE'D BETTER LEAVE!
OUT THE MAIN GATE, CHICKEN!
EEEEIIIIII!!
QUICK, CHICKEN!
LOCK THE GATE...ALL THE TIGERS IN THE DISTRICT ARE INSIDE WITH THEM... THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER!
N-NOT ALL, SARGE! LOOK!
STOP PLAYIN' WITH HIM... THERE'S A WAR ON, REMEMBER?
I KNOW...YOU TELL THE TIGER, OKAY?
SLURP SLURP
LATER, MISSION COMPLETED, THE AIR FORCE HAS POUNDED CHARLIE'S BASE AND THEIR CHOPPER COMES FOR THEM!
OKAY, SARGE... I'LL TELL HIM HE CAN'T GET IN THE CHOPPER WITH US...YOU TRANSLATE IT, OKAY!
WELL...IF HE WANTS TA COME, LET HIM! I'M GETTIN' TA LIKE HIM ANYHOW!
END

# THE PROFESSIONAL

IN 1942 WHEN HE JOINED THE UNITED STATES MARINES, HE WAS A GANGLING 17 YEAR OLD BOY...WHO FLINCHED EVERY TIME A GUN WENT OFF IN BOOT CAMP!




BUT BY 1944, HE WAS TOUGHENED, COMBAT-WISE AND NOTHING SCARED HIM!

KOREA, 1950, HE WAS A PLATOON LEADER...THE TOUGHEST, SAVVIEST COMBAT SOLDIER IN THE WORLD!

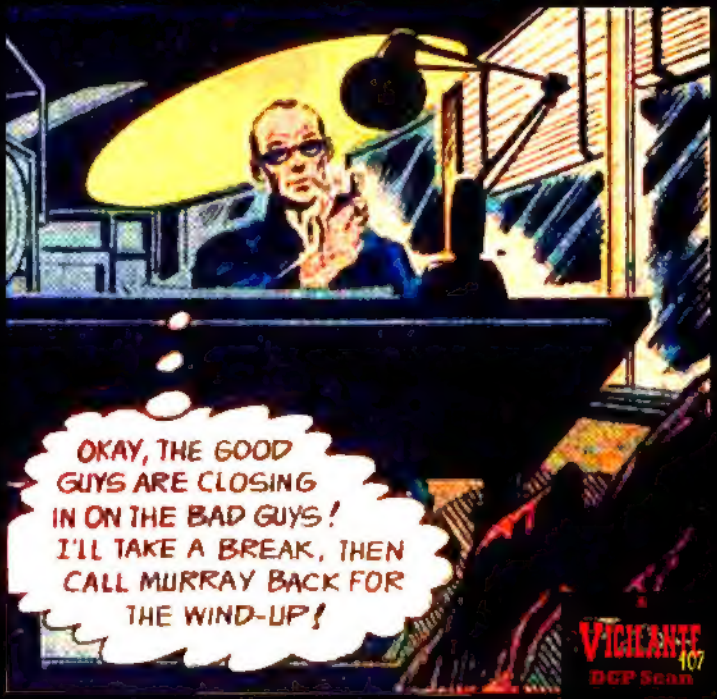
WHEN KOREA ENDED, THERE WASN'T MUCH FOR THE PROFESSIONAL...NO WARS...BUT ALL THAT TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE ISN'T GOING TO WASTE. TODAY HE'S A MAJOR IN A MARINE TRAINING COMMAND...AND HE'S TURNING OUT YOUNGER VERSIONS OF HIMSELF TO DEFEND FREEDOM AND OUR NATION WHEREVER AND WHENEVER THE NEED ARISES.

Fightin'
ARMY
army WAR heroes
FIGHTIN' MARINES
FIRST in ACTION!
CHARLTON COMICS

# JIM APARO

## 1932 - 2005

*One of the last TRUE comic book professionals*


OKAY, THE GOOD GUYS ARE CLOSING IN ON THE BAD GUYS! I'LL TAKE A BREAK, THEN CALL MURRAY BACK FOR THE WIND-UP!
VIGILANTE 107
DCP Scan